

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XIII. No. 20

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 11, 1923

The Right Slant

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN

DORA dropped the potato masher into the fluffy mass of vegetable she had been working over when her brother entered, and pirouetted around the braided rugs on the bare floor, to snatch the letter from his heavily mittened hand. Her pink gingham gown was the gayest spot of color in the wide farm kitchen two tall glass lamps were doing their best to illuminate. Paul Castine had brought a keen breath of the wintry air when he came in, stamping snow from his high rubber boots.

"You can't get that supper on the table too quick for me Al!" he said sniffing the pungent fragrance of fried ham and hot muffins and the apple slump Alice was dishing for the supper top-off.

And then the letter he had brought in set a new ball of excitement rolling into the routine of their farm life. Dora shortened its written message to brief statements punctuated by personal comments.

"It's from Rachel, and she wants me to visit her for a whole week. Oh, joy! I'm to come next Saturday on the express that flag-stops at Rockdale. Think of me riding in a brass-railed Pullman! She isn't going to take 'no' for an answer. As if I would think of refusing!"

Alice Castine's sweet face was sober, and Dora, reading the expression of it, flashed vehemently at the remonstrance her sister had not voiced.

"I'm going, so now! I certainly will not miss this chance to be entertained a whole week in the city."

"I was thinking of the cost on top of what we have just spent for your room, dear," said Alice.

"Expense is all you do think of when I want some fun," pouted Dora. "You and Paul are regular tight wads, and I'll use my own money for this trip."

"The money you're saving for the Academy next year?" asked Paul, taking his dried face from the depths of the

roller towel.

"I won't have to take it all, and I'm going to have some fun as I go along. After all I did for Rachel last summer I guess it's up to her to give me a good time," declared Dora.

"I thought Alice did most of the 'doing' and you were in for the good times," said Paul drily. "Didn't she send 'Al' an invitation, too?"

Dora didn't even bother to answer that question. The idea that Rachel might include Alice in her invitation seemed quite too absurd for attention. Alice wouldn't care for the sort of gay things they meant to do, and Dora knew that somehow she would get her own way about going to the city. She always did get what she wanted in the long run, and if no lesser argument worked she would talk about the promises they had made their mother before she died to be good to the sister younger than they. Dora never hesitated to strain her privileges.

Much to her surprise they made only one concerted protest to her trip to Rachel's, and the next morning she began to make ready with a merry heart. The world looked very rosy as she got ready for a drive to Rockdale. It was the first time she had used her room under the farm house eaves since it had been done over with the white paint and blue paper and stained floor she had begged for; dainty curtains that Alice had hem-stitched hung at the sunny windows. The furniture had been done over with white enamel, and a few quaint pictures hung correctly flat against the walls.

"Run down and get the dinner vegetables for me before you go, Dora," said Alice, when her sister came down. "Making the butter will keep me extra busy all the morning. And, Dora, take the money to pay Mrs. Hutchins' bill for the paints and curtain stuff. It's around twelve dollars, and the money you will get for the eggs is meant to pay that bill. I promised it to Mrs. Hutchins today, so don't forget."

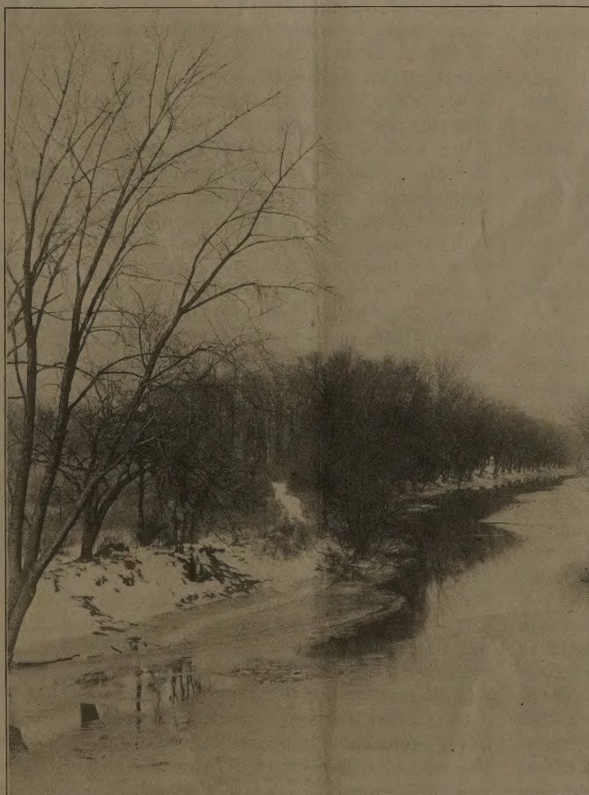
"What a nuisance to have to pay old bills!"

Alice shook her head over the churn.

"It was the only way I could get those things for your room, and it has driven me so nearly distracted to owe that bill that you'll starve before I plunge again! Dora, dear, don't you know that letting you have these things isn't what mother meant by asking Paul and me to take care of you? She wanted us to help you grow up brave and strong and happy, and somehow you've got to learn, yourself, to want to be like that! We can't seem to show you what's got to be clear inside your own self before we can help," said Alice gently.

Dora gave her a close, impulsive hug and flashed out to the horse and sleigh Paul drove to the door. And when he had tucked her in with the eggs she started off gaily for Rockdale. It was such fun to be let go alone for this shopping.

There at the village Dora got rid of the eggs as soon as possible and the money the grocer paid fattened her purse deliciously. She would keep it while she bought her hat



IN EARLY FEBRUARY

and shoes and stockings and gloves which were the necessities for her city trip. Shoes first. And what she wanted cost more than she had anticipated. Well, she would save the extra somewhere else on the list. But it was quite impossible to save on gloves, and she didn't resist the temptation of a pair of thread silk stockings.

"I'm going to have the feel of silk clear to my toes," she concluded, luxuriously.

By that time Dora had used some of the egg money, and she was still without the hat. Such a stunning beauty of a hat for just eight dollars! Why shouldn't Mrs. Hutchins wait for her money? There would be another egg sale next week to take care of that bill! Dora counted out the precious eight dollars and carried the boxed hat out to the sleigh. She would look as stylish as anyone in the city with that hat on, and if Alice did protest about that use of the money she would eventually pay the bill. And she would keep the silk stockings out of sight!

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" sang the sleigh bells as Kyrat trotted along the country road toward home and the oats he expected for dinner.

Dora wasn't as happy as she had been going toward Rockdale the hour before. She was planning just what she would say to Alice and hadn't made up her mind when the farmhouse came in sight, the low, weathered lines of it silhouetted against a snowy hillside at the back. It instantly struck her that the house had an oddly uninhabited look.

"Go on!" she called, tightening the reins over Kyrat.

How odd that the back door should be wide open! And there wasn't a bit of smoke coming from the chimney! Paul had probably gone to the woods to chop, but what had happened to Alice?

"Go on!" she entreated Kyrat frantically. And he turned the corner so briskly that the tilted sleigh flung her out into the snow.

Quick as a flash Dora was up and running.

"Alice! Alice!" she called, a thousand fears running riot in her mind.

The kitchen was as deserted as she had feared to find it. A dish of freshly-fried doughnuts stood on the table and the door had apparently been opened to let out the grease smoke from their frying. The wood fire was nearly out and the stove was cold in the icy air.

"Alice! Alice!" repeated Dora.

Only the snapping crack of the rapidly-cooling floor-boards answered her. The stillness was terrifying. She ran through the house calling for her sister. Not a sign of Alice was to be found. There was the cellar! How Dora dreaded to open that cellar door. Like a flash Dora remembered her sister's request to get the dinner vegetables, and her own forgetfulness of it. Perhaps something dreadful had happened when she went down there! Dora snatched open the cellar door, and peered down. The faded gingham she

had left her sister wearing lay in a huddled heap at the bottom of the stairs.

Dora never could tell how she got down those steps and found that Alice was breathing; nor how she brought her up into the kitchen and built the fire before she blew the emergency conch shell that would bring Paul hurrying from the woods. Alice opened her eyes and smiled faintly before Paul came.

"I was going for the vegetables," she smiled faintly.

"What a stupid I am!" wailed Dora as she cut Alice's worn shoe from her swelling foot. "I just forgot them."

"And I was stupid, too, dear, to let myself think thoughts that filled my eyes with tears," said Alice. "I would never have fallen if I'd kept my thoughts on the right slant."

"Did you want Rachel to ask you to the city?" demanded Dora as she changed the cloths on her sister's swollen head.

"I did," admitted Alice. "You girls treat me as a sort of natural enemy when I'm longing and longing for a good time with you. And when I let myself brood about it I went stumbling around. What a stupid!"

Very tenderly Paul and Dora carried Alice up to bed in an under-the-eaves room opposite to the one which had been fixed so prettily for Dora. It was neat as wax, but so pitifully shabby! Dora shut her own door on the painful contrast before the doctor came. He pronounced that Alice must stay in bed with her bruises and twisted foot.

"And be mighty thankful she's getting off as easily as that!" he told the others downstairs. "Falling down cellar stairs isn't to be joked with."

Dora put on an apron and went to work.

"I'll clean the kitchen same as Alice had planned," she said.

But what a task she found that which had always seemed so simple under her capable sister's hands! The stove nickel wouldn't shine, and the pump was spotted, and her back was nearly broken scrubbing the floor when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in, please!" she called, leaning back to tuck up her loosening hair with sudsy hands. And she got to her feet with a hot, flushed face when she saw the lady standing on the threshold, "Oh, Mrs. Hutchins, it's all my fault! Alice meant for you to have the money and I went and spent it foolish as foolishly. It's all my fault."

"But isn't Alice hurt?" asked the lady gently. "I came out to say that she isn't to think of my money until she is all right again. I know she is the sort of girl who would feel bound to keep a promise at any cost."

Tears were streaming down Dora's flushed face.

"She's just like that," cried Dora. "You never could know how perfectly splendid she is, and it's all my fault you weren't paid this morning," and to that repentance she added just how she had used

the money meant to pay Mrs. Hutchins' bill.

Then Dora did a thing that was still more brave. She knew how painfully shabby her sister's room was, and up there Mrs. Hutchins must guess for whom the pretty things had been purchased. Alice's unselfishness would lie bare to her eyes and heart.

"Wouldn't you like to go up and see my sister? She'll be glad of company, lying there with her foot hurt," said Dora.

"Just tell me the way, dear," said Mrs. Hutchins. "I'll chat with Alice while you're finishing the floor."

"I've told her how wrong I did about the bill," faltered Dora. "And that I'm going to take back the hat and the silk stockings so there'll be money to pay you. And I'm going to do more than that for a surprise! After we get next week's egg money Paul and I are going to use every cent of it to make Alice's room pretty! And I'm not going to Rachel's yet."

Mrs. Hutchins touched her loosened, sunny hair with caressing fingers.

"You'll be so happy living close to Alice, dear! You're finding that to think right about the folks right here, and doing things for them, will bring you happiness always and everywhere."

"It's what Paul calls getting the right slant on my thoughts and words and deeds," said Dora happily.

Your Place

"**I**S your place a small place?

Tend it with care!—

He set you there.

Is your place a large place?

Guard it with care!—

He set you there.

Whate'er your place, it is

Not yours alone, but His

Who set you there."

—John Oxenham.

Holy Writ: A Sonnet

IT does not seem so many years ago—
Those nights when I lay shivering in
my bed

And saw the candle-light round my aunt's
head

Casting its hazy sanctifying glow;
And heard her read strange story after
story

Of Jonah, Adam, Moses, Esau, Ruth,
Of Solomon's old age and David's youth—
Things haunting, tender, terrible or gory.
Still can I see the Queen of Sheba's hair;
And all real lions are but mockery
To him who once knew Daniel's; there's
no tree

That can with Eve's great Paradise Tree
compare:

A golden light gleamed through that
ancient air

That leaves me homesick in modernity.

—Arthur Davison Ficke.



A BLACK BEAR IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

Bear Facts

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS

WHEN America was first discovered, black and cinnamon bears were to be found almost everywhere throughout the timbered parts of the country. But, like all other wild animals, as the land was settled they were killed or driven back into the wilds. Yet unlike some others, they have never been threatened with absolute extermination.

From babyhood we have all loved to hear bear stories and the sight of a bear has been an event in our lives. And no wonder, for bears are about the most comically human of all wild beasts. Unless injured or driven to extreme measures by hunger, the black bear is usually quite harmless to human life. He is, however, a thief—also he is a great humorist.

For many years the bears of the Yellowstone National Park have been protected by law. Here they are very numerous and very tame. This does not mean that they are tame bears. No one has tamed them, and they are still wild bears, living their natural wild life unmolested. They are so unafraid that they regard man as their enemy no more than they do the kindred of the wild that share the Park protection with themselves. Every night, and often in the daytime as well, they come to auto camps and about hotel kitchens in search of such morsels as they can extract from garbage cans or filch from careless campers. Unlucky is the tourist who leaves ham or bacon, sugar or honey within their smell and reach. For these are their especial delight, and they know no code that forbids their taking them if they can, even though they may have to tear up camp or car in the owner's absence to obtain them. Yet Bruin is far more easily driven away when the owner is on guard than many a hungry dog would be.

Many persons have a fancy for feeding the bears, and it is not uncommon to see one eating out of the hand of a tourist. The Park rangers, however, do all they can to discourage visitors from indulging in this rather dangerous sport. A bear's idea of etiquette has never conformed to

the standard of the human's. His claws are sharp and his strength is so great that a misunderstanding between the feeder and the fed is liable to result in painful injuries to the former.

The best way to watch a bear at its meals is from a little distance. This may be done by a visit to one of the dumps where camp refuse is hauled, or by observing one of the more familiar ones who prefer to investigate camp cans for themselves before they are emptied.

Baby bears come into the world about mid-winter in some snug den in the forest. At first they are very small and almost naked, with their eyes tight shut like those of a kitten. But in a month their eyes open, and in two months they are able to venture out. By June they are ready for all sorts of frolics and are exceedingly interesting to watch.

Twins are the rule in the Bear family, and everybody loves twins. Two can furnish so much more sport than one, and often there is such a difference shown in disposition!

One June day a party visiting Yellowstone National Park found great pleasure in watching a mother bear and her two cubs. While she nosed the garbage cans the babies were at play. They climbed to the top of a young pine, and there they swayed and tetered like two small boys.

When the mother had finished her breakfast, she called them to come down. One dutifully obeyed, but the other had not yet finished his fun, and, like the wilful youngster he was, he refused to descend. The tree was too slight for Mother Bear to climb, and too tall for her to reach to the top where her small hopeful insisted on keeping himself. All she could do was to sit at its foot and endeavor to reason the wilful one into compliance with her wishes. But he would not be reasoned with.

In time, however, he tired of his play and came down. Then what did Mother Bear do? What would your mother have done?

What Mother Bear *did* do was to pick him up, turn him across her knee and give him a sound spanking. After this she walked away, paying no attention

whatever to his whimpering, while he followed, a very much chastened and humbled little bear.

A Boy Who Was Not Afraid

BY THE EDITOR

THE story in one of the issues of *The Beacon* last spring about a boy who conquered his fear of the dark brought a delightful message and incident from Long Beach, California. It was sent by Mrs. Faith Jones West, who has for some time been a worker in the Unitarian Sunday school of that city. It is a true incident about one of the children who was at the time a member of the Kindergarten class of that school.

When Harvey was five years old he was taken into town one evening by his parents. On the street in the midst of a crowd, Harvey became separated from his father and mother. He did not cry or call for help, but thought out what he would do. He knew in what direction his home, two miles distant, was located, and he started to walk there. His parents had not lived long in that region, so he did not feel sure of finding the house, but he was confident he could find the schoolhouse, which was near his home. He did find it, and, once there, made the attempt to go the distance beyond it to get to his home. It was then very late and dark and he could not trace the way. So he returned to the schoolhouse, curled himself up in a corner of the main entrance, and, as it was late and he was very tired, dropped off to sleep.

Meantime, as you may guess, his parents had been very anxious. Failing to find Harvey in the crowd near them, they notified the police and the downtown streets were combed in an effort to locate the child. The whole night passed and he had not been found. His parents were nearly frantic with anxiety. As there seemed nothing else to do, they returned to their house just as day was breaking. As soon as daylight came and he was awake again, Harvey could see where the house in which he lived was situated, and he went home, where he found his father and mother who were overjoyed to see him.

When the police sergeant went out to interview Harvey, he asked him if he had not felt afraid to be alone in the dark. "Why, no," answered the boy, "there's nothing to be afraid of in the dark. It is just like the day, only blacker."

Have some of our older children learned to have such trust as this five-year-old lad showed? He used his wits to do the best thing he could think of, and then kept a quiet heart in the unusual place where he had to pass the hours of darkness. Harvey was too young to know the verse from our Bible which expresses the same confidence this little lad felt: "I will lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, makest me to dwell in safety."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BERLIN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: Our class is the youngest and largest in the Sunday school. We are present every Sunday and color our lesson papers and talk about birds and animals. Our teacher's name is Miss Ruth. We would like to join your Beacon Club and promise to be helpful.

We all read *The Beacon* and try to work out the puzzles. We like the picture on the page of today's *Beacon*. Sometimes Miss Ruth reads to us from the *Beacon*.

With lots of love,

JOHN WHEELER,
MARY MARSH,
FLORENCE WHEELER,
PHYLLIS JEWETT,
LOUISE STONE,
GERALD STONE,

RICARD EVANS,
VERNON STONE,
NORMAN CALDWELL,
VAUGHAN STONE,
VIOLET STONE,
OLIVE BRAY,
RUTH M. TWISS, Teacher.

309 23D STREET,
DENVER, COLORADO.

Dear Miss Buck: I go to the First Unitarian church and am a member of Miss Virginia Moore's class. Mr. Gabriel is the superintendent of the Sunday school and Dr. George Gilmour is the minister. I am fifteen years old and a Campfire girl. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much, especially the Recreation Corner. I would like very much to correspond with some Campfire girls in the South and in New York.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPHINE WOOD.

148 MAIN STREET,
AMHERST, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: Four weeks ago Miss Brown, Secretary of the Lend-a-Hand Society, visited us and formed a Lend-a-Hand Club, all members of the Sunday school joining. I would also like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

Sincerely yours,

CARRIE ATWOOD.

Church School News

A little personal attention observed by Miss Blanche Merritt, Superintendent of our school at Lynn, Mass., is commended to other schools. A list of children in the school who have had perfect attendance for the month is published each month in the church calendar. The Superintendent underscores the name of each pupil and mails the calendar. This has stimulated the desire for perfect attendance on the part of members of the school and brought forth expressions of thanks both from the children who received the marked calendars and from their parents.

The University Unitarian Church of Seattle, Wash., has a "Unitarian church formula" which, like Our Faith, is expressed in five parts:

1. A liberal theology.
2. A devotional service of worship.
3. A passion for personal righteousness.
4. An active sympathy for every human need.
5. A cordial welcome for all who love the religious life.

Happy are the children of a church which makes these big ideals its aims.

Our school at Indianapolis, Ind., made an offering of fruit on Thanksgiving Sunday to a group of children in an orphanage in that city. They also collected children's books to send to children living in the Ozark region of Missouri where books are very scarce. The calendar reports a class choir composed of members of Miss Mueller's class as making a delightful addition to the service of worship. The highest attendance in this school for the present year was on December 1st, 125. The calendar for that date carries the names of 25 members who have had perfect attendance thus far during this year and 27 additional names

of those who had perfect attendance during November.

In the contest for points being carried on in the church school of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church, Providence, the Invincibles had secured on December 1, 891 points and the Beacons, 871. We learn that the Beacons are determined to make up the difference during the next month. A list of the highest individual scores for both girls and boys is published in the calendar. An offering was made by this school at Christmas of dolls, other toys, books and useful articles to less fortunate members of the community. A leaders' club is conducted by Mrs. Ryder H. Gay, the parish assistant and church school supervisor.

The December calendar of Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, which is named *Our Work*, bears on the front page a cut of the tablet of its school, which is named the Howard Sunday School. The tablet states that it was the third school under Unitarian auspices to be founded in Boston, its date being December 10, 1826. On December 10th last the school celebrated the ninety-sixth anniversary of its founding. This tablet was erected in 1911. The church continues to give to this fine school its interest and support and seeks to carry out the aim of the school which the tablet states, namely, "To develop the higher life" of its members.

King's Chapel School resumed its sessions on October 22nd in the new Parish House, 27 Marlborough Street. There are five classes, carefully graded, studying books of the Beacon Course. A chapel in the Parish House for the school service of worship is in process of construction. The officers, President, Secretary and Librarian, elected by the school, were installed on November 19th.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXVII

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 4, 14, 15, 3, is to create.
My 1, 11, 8, 17, 15, is to use the mind.
My 10, 5, 9, is a metal.
My 2, 12, 13, 14, is an English prefix, derived from the Greek, meaning blood.
My 18, 16, 6, is a pile-driving machine.
My 7, is the fourth letter in the alphabet.
My whole is a fine current book.

ELIZABETH DYER.

(Like Robert Ingalls, who sent us the enigma based on a statement of our faith, Elizabeth is fearful her enigma may be "too hard." Several of our bright-minded young people sent the correct answer to Robert's; shall we show Elizabeth, also that hers is not too difficult for us?—Editor.)

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

1. What county in Kansas is a kind of cracker?
 2. Omit the last letter of a city of Montana and find a girl's name.
 3. What county in Oklahoma is the name of a bird?
 4. What county in Arkansas is a great river?
 5. What county in Kentucky is a State?
 6. What river in Michigan is a fruit?
- The last letters of the answers will spell a girl's name.

FIRELIGHT.

CHARADE

My first is a creature that crawls on the sand,
Is at home in the water, or at home on the land;
My second is that which with welcome is won
When the day has been long and the tasks are all done.

My whole is, in penmanship, or of character a trait,

A feature that will cause trouble, as sure as fate.
C. O. M.

A HIDDEN PROVERB

Select one word from each of the following quotations to form a very common proverb.
Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.
Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green!
Be wisely worldly; be not worldly wise.
For me the gold of France did not seduce.
I will know your business—that I will.
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war.
E. O. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 18

ENIGMA XXXIII.—Encyclopaedia Britannica.
ENIGMA XXXIV.—"I am the light of the world."

PI.—

Very keen and very cold
But skies are deep and blue,
And sunshine's just as bright as gold,
And all the year is new.

Silver ice and sparkling rime
When all the year is new.
Joy in January time
If hearts are glad and true.

FOUND IN "MARK TWAIN"—Win, Maria, wan, mink, rat, tan, rant, want, mint, rank, warn, raw, kin.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

299 Madison Ave., New York City
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press